

Dripping Like a Honeycomb by thewordsleep

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Summary:

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Eddie blinked up at him languidly, his eyes blown dark with pleasure, his little mouth hanging open. "Fuck me?"

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Author's Note:

This is very very self-indulgent pwp. Listen, I'm not proud of this either! But I just had to get it out and it only took a day to write it so. *sigh* this is what happens when you write when you're horny, kids. Title is from Sugar Daddy from Hedwig and the Angry Inch

It happened on a Saturday evening. Richie was pedaling fast for Eddie's house. It was bingo night and Sonia had *finally* stopped forcing Eddie to go with her. Richie grinned, he had *The Exorcist*, *The Shining*, and *Porky's* in his backpack; movies Eddie was explicitly forbidden to watch. Though, he doubted Eds knew he was bringing along *Porky's*, Richie just liked the thrill of corrupting him with a hypersexual comedy.

The porch light was on as Richie rounded up the driveway. Though, he wasn't sure if that meant Sonia was already gone or about to leave for the night.

Richie didn't want to chance it, so he quietly dismounted and left his bike behind the big oak tree on the side of the house. He strapped his bag tight and went to climb the railing up to Eddie's unlocked window, like he'd done thousands of times before.

Turns out, hypersexual corruption was not necessary where sweet little Eds was concerned.

Eddie was half naked, his shorts shoved down to his ankles and his shirt pushed up as he writhed on the bed with his fingers in his ass.

Richie stopped breathing, watching as Eddie's wrist moved between his thighs, his slender cock curled stiffly towards his stomach. Eddie had his eyes squeezed shut, his bottom lip caught between his teeth to keep all the little sounds in as his hips stuttered against the bed.

It was like an art piece, or a song--a rhythmic, untouchable display

that held Richie captive, his nose pressed flat to the glass, fogging it up.

Then Eddie bent his knee up, adjusting the angle and leaving everything on obscene display; from his tensed up balls to the two fingers he was shoving into himself, his hole stretched tight and red.

Richie never moved so fast in his life.

He slammed the window open, causing a loud bang that had Eddie jolting up, shocked and oh-so bare.

"R-Richie, what--what the fuck are you *doing here--!*" Eddie shouted with panicked eyes, his hand still stuck between his legs as he grasped for something to cover himself with, flinging his bedsheet onto his lap.

Richie wasn't thinking straight, couldn't. All he could do was follow his body as it strided over to the bed, he crawled on his knees towards Eddie, his hand reaching out to pull the haphazardly thrown sheet away and wrap his fingers reverently around Eddie's dick.

Eddie's mouth hung open on a *whuh* sound as Richie began to stroke him, and his pretty eyes rolled to the back of his head.

The fingers Eddie had inside himself began to move again, curling in at an awkward angle. Richie bent down to mouth at Eddie's collar, his own hard cock pressing painfully into his zipper.

Eddie's dick was warm and smooth in Richie's hand, fitting nicely. It twitched as he jerked it.

"Tell me to stop," Richie said in a breath, and his knuckles brushed against Eddie's. They both sighed. Richie pulled back and grabbed Eddie's chin, forcing him to meet his eyes as his thumb slid against the wet slit of Eddie's prick. "Tell me, or I'll fuck you Eds--I'm fucking serious."

Eddie blinked up at him languidly at that, his eyes blown dark with pleasure and his little mouth hanging open. "Fuck me?" He echoed, and his hips bucked into Richie's hand.

"Y-yeah," Richie replied in a choked voice, his glasses fogging up with their mingled breaths. "If you don't..."

"If I don't say stop, you'll *fuck* me," Eddie said, his teeth biting into his bottom lip again. His cock was slipping in and out of Richie's fist.

"*Eddie.*" Richie eyed Eddie's red lips hungrily.

"Okay," Eddie said with a smile, and leaned up until their mouths touched, and they were breathing into each other. "You can fuck me, Richie."

Richie made a desperate sound in the back of his throat and sealed their mouths together. His tongue thrusting deep and seeking Eddie's in a rush. He couldn't help how his grip tightened, but loved how it made Eddie whimper, and then reach for the button on Richie's jeans.

Together they eventually managed to strip him of his clothes, though they kept getting distracted with lingering touches and kisses.

Richie finally pulled away for a second to shove his bag off the bed. But when he turned around he was met with the sight of Eddie, lying on his side and leaning up on his elbow, stroking himself slowly, sexily.

"Jesus fuckin' *Christ*, Eds.*Fuck.*"

Richie pushed him back down, grinning as Eddie laughed breathlessly into his hair. He spread Eddie's thighs apart and just *looked* at him. At his creamy thighs, and balls with sparse hair, and his naked little cock leaking at the tip.

It was like eyeing a gourmet dish, delicious treats splayed out before him. Richie groaned and dipped his head down, pressing small kisses up and down the length of Eddie's cock.

"Ugh, *Richie*, c'mon," Eddie gasped, his fingers grasping at Richie's curls, trying to push his head down.

The sensation gave Richie pleasurable tingles, but he wouldn't budge. He kept slowly trailing pressing kisses down. He stopped only to take one of Eddie's testicles into his mouth, the skin smooth and loose

against his tongue.

"Oh *shit*, Eddie said, and his stomach tensed beneath Richie's hand. "F-fuck, Rich. *That* you'll put in your mouth?"

Richie grinned around him, and slurped messily as he stuck a finger into his mouth too.

"The lady doth protest, like, a lot," Richie said as he pulled away, rubbing his finger along the soft skin behind Eddie's balls.

"Eloquent," Eddie sighed sarcastically, his eyebrows flat as he glared at Richie. "And who're you callin' a lady? You--" He went silent as Richie began to lightly trace the ring of his asshole.

Eddie was pink here too, pink as the tip of his cock, and just as sensitive. Richie roughly thrust his finger in, and Eddie's eyes shuttered closed.

"Oh fuck, fuck... Rich, *yeah*."

Richie thought about pushing two in, knowing Eddie could take it by this point--but there was something about feeling Eddie clench around just the one. His hole and insides soft and tight all around Richie's finger, squeezing down on every knuckle.

Richie watched, completely rapt, as the muscle flexed, and then he put his tongue there too.

"Fuck!" Eddie squirmed beneath him, his small fists batting against the bed. Richie eased his finger in and out, his tongue licking around it and dipping inside, tasting the soft flesh.

He worked two more fingers in, stretching Eddie's pink rim tight as he thrust them in fast. He wondered how much Eddie could take like this, so open and begging for it. Eddie's legs were shaking when Richie crooked his fingers just so, his body arched like a harp into Richie's hand.

"God, you're so," Richie said, open mouthed against the head of Eddie's cute dick, "so fuckin' *beautiful* like this, Eds, being fucked like this."

Richie's own cock was stiff and bouncing against his stomach, weighty and aching as it every so often brushed against Eddie's shin.

He could come, he knew, just from devouring Eddie like this. But Richie had more in mind and forced himself to stop, slowly dragging his fingers out. He grabbed his dick and moved up the bed between Eddie's legs, breathing hard. Eddie looked at him and shivered, and began to breath heavily with him.

They stared at each other as Richie held his penis there, the tip nudging into Eddie's tiny opening. Beaded come leaking at the wide head and dribbling down his crack.

"Gonna do it now, Eds," Richie told him, his cockhead kissed the furred skin wetly as he prepared to push in. "I'm really gonna fuck you."

"Promises, promises," Eddie replied shakily, then looked down and shook his head. "Wait, Richie, you're *huge*," he admitted with wide eyes, and licked his lips. "Hold on a sec..."

Eddie reached over to his nightstand to grab a bottle of lotion, squirting two pumps onto his hand. "Here."

Then Eddie wrapped his fingers around Richie's cock, the cold lotion spread between his tips as he worked it down Richie's cock, making him hiss.

"Your mother know you keep jerk-off lotion by the bed?" Richie asked between his teeth, trying not to come.

Eddie snorted, his hair falling into his eyes as his wrist worked. "She thinks it's medicinal."

He wiped the rest on himself, dipping his fingers into his hole one last time before firmly grabbing Richie's hips and urging him forward.

The first slide in was a struggle, with Eddie's muscles not lax enough to open willingly. Richie found himself massaging his rim, his thumb pressing softly to loosen up the skin.

"It's okay, baby," he said, voice low as his dick nudged against Eddie's asscheek. "I got you, I got you, relax."

"I actually don't know if you're talking to me or my asshole," Eddie griped, then huffed. He grit his teeth and spread his legs, his body finally ready to give way to Richie's cock, the wide head slipping just inside.

"How you feelin'," Richie panted, halfway in. His eyes squeezed shut and his body tensed. Eddie was tight and hot in the worst-best way, and Richie could barely control himself.

After a second, Eddie brought his arms up around Richie's neck, mouthing at the skin of his shoulder as he said, "Put it in. Fuck me, really just *fuck me*, Rich."

And Richie did. Sinking in deep until their hips were flush, his cock nestled deep inside Eddie's body.

He fucked him slow at first, bringing Eddie's hands up above his head as he moved into him. Richie slid in and out, but never all the way out, as he leaned down and licked at Eddie's jawline, moaning.

"I'm inside you, Eds," he said with a cocky smile, "all inside. Fucking you, bet you didn't think this was happening tonight, huh."

"Thought about it," Eddie said quickly, turning his head to meet Richie's lips. "Did you know that? Ever since I first started jerking off," he grinned, "thought about shutting your Trashmouth up with my dick on the regular."

"Oh, fuck." Richie froze at that, biting his lip as he felt Eddie move up against him, pushing his hips up onto Richie's cock.

"That's right, Rich," Eddie grinned at him, the hands around Richie's neck bringing them in close. "Like this, I fucked myself on my fingers so many times just like this," he admitted, breathless, "sometimes when we hang out, if you're touching me more than usual--I have to excuse myself and it's to go *do this*, Rich."

And then Eddie pushed a finger into himself alongside Richie's cock, slippery and smooth. His body went tense for a second before easing

at the stretch, he sighed.

Richie's fingers dug hard into Eddie's skin, leaving tiny red marks.

"Mmm, sometimes I'd get up to four fingers," Eddie continued dreamily, "since I knew you'd be big, felt it sometimes when we played, when we went swimming and I could see the outline, *fuck*. I always wanted you to fuck me, Richie. Always. Wanted to sit on your big fucking *cock*." Eddie's anus clenched at that, tight like a vice.

And in truly romantic fashion, Richie's balls seized up and he nearly collapsed, barely holding back his orgasm. He groaned and grabbed at Eddie's ass desperately, cradling him in his lap as he pounded into him.

"Oh fuck, you fucking gorgeous little *slut*," he said as Eddie pulled his finger out, sucking it into his mouth. Richie keened and crashed their mouths together, all messy tongue and teeth. "But just for me. *Fuck*, I've wanted this so much, Eds. Wanna mark you up. Make sure no one else ever fuckin' touches you."

"And how're you planning to do that," Eddie asked cheekily, his face flushed.

Richie bit the inside of his cheek and pushed forward, rocking the headboard against the wall as he grasped Eddie's dick, holding tightly.

He leaned in close, their sweaty noses bumped as he stared through his glasses into Eddie's eyes.

"By fucking *owning* you."

He said, and proceeded to fuck Eddie out of his mind.

Later, as they lay comfortably side by side and facing each other, Richie kissed Eddie softly in the low light of the room.

There was rattling outside, trees swaying in the night breeze as Eddie smiled into the kiss. He was sated and as deeply bone-tired as Richie

looked. So, he was surprised when Richie reached between his legs, his hand gentle.

"I'm sorry I barged in and demanded sex," Richie said shyly, blushing as though the tips of his fingers weren't tracing Eddie's tender rim.

Confused about the apology more than anything, Eddie blinked slowly at him in the dark, silently. Time felt so slow as Richie touched him, his fingers finally slipping into his hole, making Eddie hiss lightly but move in closer. He was still leaking Richie's come, he thought, flushing.

"Wanna know something?" Eddie offered softly, and waited for Richie's nod, "I kind of always hoped you'd walk in. Like you'd see me and just finally get over your stupid gay hangups."

Richie grinned and his fingers curled inside him, as though he were trying to imprint something inside of Eddie. Himself probably. Eddie felt the touch like electricity, warm and fast.

"So it was planned, then?" Richie smirked.

Eddie shrugged. "I mean, it wasn't *not* planned."

With a smile, Richie slowly eased his fingers out, but Eddie was hard again. So he wrapped his leg around Richie's waist, rubbing their cocks together and shrugging when Richie raised his brow.

Then Richie brought his fingers up to his mouth, the ones that had just been inside Eddie, and leisurely sucked them clean. Eddie watched with a slightly open mouth, when Richie finally pulled them out with an obscene pop.

And Eddie--in an act he'd *never* even *consider* doing with anyone else but Richie--blinked twice and dove in to kiss him hungrily, tasting them both on Richie's tongue.

And then the door to his bedroom opened and Sonia Kaspbrak *screached in horror* at the sight of them.

But it was so, so worth it.